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PUTTING IT GENTLY.

"No, MARQUIS, I WOULD BE UNABLE TO MAKE YOU HAPPY."
"VY WEEL YOU ALWAYS PERSEEST TO UNDERESTIMATE YOURSELF?"
"WELL, YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN BROUGHT UP TO FORGET THAT I AM A MILLIONAIRE'S
ONLY DAUGHTER."

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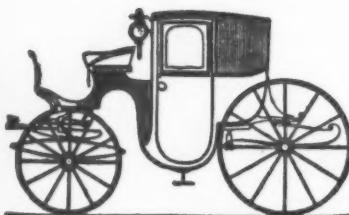
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VOLUME XXI.

•LIFE•

NUMBER 546.



A KIND SUGGESTION.

The Stout One: THERE IS NOTHING LEFT NOW BUT A FINAL SEPARATION, I FEAR, WITH NO LIKELIHOOD OF A RECONCILIATION.

The Other: OH, I DON'T KNOW. THERE'S THE COUNTESS RUSSELL, WHO WON HER HUSBAND BACK BY PERFORMING A SKIRT DANCE. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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THREE is so much that LIFE could say about the young gentlemen who are about to shift the affectionate embrace of their *alma maters* for the more coy endearments of the unendowed world, that it is hard to fix upon the point where baccalaureate remarks may begin with any prospect of coming to a reasonable close at the bottom of the page. The question, young gentlemen, of the most immediate interest to the majority of you, is how are you to find your mission in life? Some of you already have definite ideas on the subject with which you will promptly proceed to experiment. The tests are likely to be interesting and instructive even in those cases where the results are not quite satisfactory. Lean a little, you of this class, on the assertion that success is born of many failures. Insist upon making your small, preliminary failures duly instructive. Failures of methods in a young man are to be expected. To learn how not to do a thing is almost an inevitable preliminary to learning how it should be done. The failure you have to dread is a failure in the man. To have shown that you don't know how, is nothing, for you are young. To have demonstrated that you are bad stuff,—that you are not true, that you are not teachable, that you are not master of yourself—that is a serious matter. If you are in that case, the world's job with you is not a work of development, but of re-creation. There must be better stuff worked into you somehow, before good work can be got out. Development is a comparatively simple matter, with plenty of obstacles in its way, of course, but nothing insuperable. But to make a lad over new is a complex process that often takes a whole lifetime, and is very liable to be a disappointment at the end.

If you have the misfortune to be a poor creature, there are a number of tests which will help you to ascertain just how poor a thing you are. If you must drink whenever anyone is thirsty, if you must spend money that you haven't got, if it is easier for you to lie out of a scrape than to suffer the pains of it, if it is easier for you to borrow than to work, and if you don't keep faith with womankind, you have sound

reason to suspect that your constituent materials need renovation. Under such conditions your case is not auspicious, but by way of encouragement to you to take yourself in hand, it is at least possible to say that, of all mundane successes, there is none that is more satisfactory to the sense of fitness than that of the struggling human who finally achieves to build up a sound man out of damaged materials.

As for you young gentlemen who have the good fortune to start out with sound stuff in you, it will go hard with you, indeed, if you don't find the world an interesting environment. It has been remarked by someone who coveted the reputation for sagacious talk that nothing is more miserable, unless it is the first year after marriage, than the first year a college-graduate spends in working up his proper place. That year does have its trials, to be sure, as do the years that immediately follow it; but even those tentative seasons have their compensations, too. It is rather pleasant to be young for one thing and to have a lot of other good fellows young at the same time; and there is the bliss of being hopelessly in love with a more or less impossible girl, which belongs to your time of life, and is by no means an indifferent form of rapture. Get as much solace as you can out of the compensations meet for your day and generation, and bear the passing inconvenience of being jostled into your place with such patience and good-nature as may spring from faith in better things to come. The attrition of the preliminary jostling is necessary to make you fit the eventual place. If you get the place without the jostling, the chances are that you will never fit easily into it.

If you have got what you should have got out of college, it has taught you how to learn. If you know that, you can always keep fire under your boilers. Your vessel minds her rudder, for you have learned self-control; your hand, as the commencement orator will tell you, is on the wheel; your charts and compass are before you, and you can read them. *Bon voyage* to you, fair Sirs, and good luck!

* * *



AN affecting detail of the will of the late Katharine Page Perkins, who gave \$150,000 for a new Harvard dormitory, is a bequest of \$5,000 to the Boston Society of the New Jerusalem, "the income to be expended for refreshments at church gatherings." So at last the traditional oyster in the church sociable soup is to have a companion! Mrs. Perkins might have thought long and sleeplessly without hitting on a benefaction so likely to immortalize her name as this modest attempt to mitigate the severities of church sociable food.



THE AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER.

SEE, they have lighted their cigars !
Well !

And that is one of the speakers ! What is he saying ?

He hasn't got yet to what he is going to say.

He is not saying anything yet then ?

Not yet.

But will he say anything ?

There is no telling.

But if he does ?

It will be a mistake, for that is not what he is there for.

Why is he there then ?

To promote digestion.

And not to promote thought ?

Precisely not. Thought antagonizes digestion. His office is to obviate as far as possible the hazard of thought.

He is to talk, though, is he not ?

Yes, for if he didn't there might be general conversation and that is too favorable to cerebration.

But he is to say nothing ?

So ! And to say it with such liveliness and dexterity as to cause his remarks to simulate matter while really endowed with such soothing and oblivious qualities as are only derivable from vacuity.

But has not high reputation sometimes grown out of after-dinner speeches ?

A DOUBTING THOMAS.

MR. MEADOW: The paper says it'll rain to-morrow.
FARMER MEADOW: It does, eh ! Well I hain't much faith in these newspaper predictions. What does the almanac say ?

Some men have certainly become famous after-dinner talkers.

It is an art then that does make famous men ?

No, it merely makes famous after-dinner talkers.

But not famous men ?

Oh, no. Some famous men have become famous after-dinner talkers, just as others have taken to drink, but it takes more than either rum or after-dinner talk to make a famous man.

But the after-dinner talk helps, doesn't it ?

On the contrary ; it damages. If a man is a thoroughly successful after-dinner talker in full practice, it is next to impossible to pass him off as a great man.

Then what is the profit in after-dinner speaking ?

There isn't any, except for second or third-rate men.

How is it possible then to get so much of it done gratis by men of real ability ?

That is the marvel. Of course it is a sort of intoxicant, and some men form the habit of it and cannot break off. That explains some cases. Presently when the true nature of it is better understood it will be rated as an exhilarant, and furnished for dinner parties by the caterer. There will be as many different taps of it then as there are of champagne, and it will be charged for, roundly, in the bill.

E. S. M.

HE KNEW SHE WOULDN'T.

FISH MAN: Do you think your wife would like a fine roe shad ?

CUSTOMER: No. A person can't talk and eat shad at the same time.

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

LIFE knows that in matters concerning this fund the heart of his reader is in the right place, but the reader must not hold back on the supposition that it is still too early to send along his dollars. Give while you can, for if you go to Chicago you may return with nothing. Three dollars is very little at the Fair; but it is a big thing for the youngster who comes in for the benefit of it at LIFE's Farm. A very proper adage to remember in connection with this subject is "*Bis dat, qui cito dat.*"

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In Memory of little May	From "Speouk"..... 3.00
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THE FOOL'S PROBLEM.

CHEAP and legitimate satisfaction can be derived by the virtuous mind from the conviction that many of the most costly privileges that money buys are not worth the expenditure necessary to their acquisition. One of the more expensive forms of recreation open to Americans is to participate in the amusements affected by that select element in the population of New York vulgarly known as the Four Hundred. To be of the Four Hundred and share its occupations is a form of felicity that is exceedingly grateful to certain of our fellow citizens who do enjoy it, and an object of intense longing to divers of their fellows who could spare the time and the money that are indispensable to ultra-fashionable activity, but find difficulty in getting into line and past the starter. Many sensible people who have been of New York's livelier set have found the pace too rapid in comparison with the size of the stakes and have pulled out of the race. Many other people have never cared to enter into the competition, but have found ample room for the satisfaction of their social instincts in less conspicuous circles. But there are always new families in New York with women who want to get into society, and their efforts to accomplish that end are habitually interesting to watch and write about.

Such a family were the Buckleys, the females of which appear as the Social Strugglers in Mr. H. H. Boyesen's novel of that name (Scribner's). Peleg L. Buckley himself was not socially ambitious. His daughter Peggy found matter for disinterested and amused observation in the aspirations of her relatives, but Mrs. Peleg and her daughters Sally and Maud frankly desired to rush in where angels, probably, would not care to tread. How they went about it, how they hired a lavish cottage at Southampton, how they were snubbed and thwarted, and how merit and money and persistence ultimately prevailed, are set forth in Mr. Boyesen's story. Maud is his heroine. To her he accords the most valuable series of experiences, and permits them finally to be attended with the most desirable results. By tests of field and flood, by exercises afoot, on horseback and in cat-boats, by a temporary entanglement with the wrong man, and through much tribulation and some rapture, Maud comes to learn that a good man, all her own, is much to be preferred



to seven dinner invitations a week, and a place on the lists of the Patriarchs. Mr. Boyesen leaves her in the situation of a person who might easily attain to Patriarchal society if she chose, but who is not going to choose—a very much more satisfactory situation by the way than that of a person to whom the choice is not open. Inasmuch as Sally Buckley marries a man of the first position, and as she and her mother promise to be as happy in the thick of smart society as the rest of the family are out of it, the Buckleys are left with their several felicities pretty well assured.

The moral of all truly exemplary novels of this sort, is that Metropolitan society is so vain and empty as not to be worth the price of admission. That moral, however, is not deducible from Mr. Boyesen's story. If Mrs. Buckley had not come to New York and struggled, she would not have won. Instead of having two daughters married entirely to their satisfaction and hers, and a satisfactory social position for



"MIGHT I BE SO BOLD AS TO HOPE THAT YOU WOULD ONE DAY BECOME MY WIFE?"
 "YOUR WIFE, MR. BONDHOLDER! BUT CONSIDER THE DIFFERENCE IN OUR AGES."
 "THEN PERHAPS YOU WOULD AGREE TO BE MY WIDOW."

herself besides, she would have been a social failure in a Western city, the mother of these girls who would not marry the men they knew, and could not very well marry the men they didn't know. And even in New York without her courage and energy Peleg's money could not have availed to make the family. As it is, thanks to a fortune made in the clothing business and the generalship of a woman not too well bred to push, the Buckley posterity can spend the next half century in an agreeable process of refinement which may be expected to culminate about the time the exhaustion of the Buckley resources necessitate a return to vulgarizing toil. Accordingly, the comforting conviction above noticed that it is not worth while to get into New York society is not one that Mr. Boyesen's volume is adapted to impart.

The matter of "Social Strugglers" has appeared, to one reader at least, somewhat better than its manner. Sometimes the dialogue plods when it ought to go tripping, and there are places where literary soap bubbles would fit better into the story's construction than the more sober and solid materials that Mr. Boyesen has used. From the spectator's point of view, the chief end of social strugglers is to provide him with objects for service and amused contemplation, and it is quite possible that the average reader will think himself entitled to have rather more fun at the expense of Mr. Boyesen's character than the author has seen fit to provide.

E. S. M.



THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.



"THERE IS NO HARM IN A SUMMER FLIRTATION," SAYS MANY A YOUNG MAN. BUT WHAT IS FAIR FOR ONE
IS FAIR FOR THE OTHER, AND

LIFE



WHEN IT COMES TO THE MORE SERIOUS BUSINESS OF LIFE, THIS YOUNG MAN SHOULD BE THE LAST TO BLAME
HER FOR EXERCISING A LITTLE FORETHOUGHT.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

THE PRINCESS RECEIVES A NATION'S GREETING.

TAMMANY AND THE FOUR HUNDRED MEET HER DOWN THE BAY.—A NATION'S GUEST IS ROYALLY RECEIVED.—HER FUTURE MOVEMENTS.

The Princess Hamfatina arrived at Coney Island promptly on time yesterday morning at six-thirty. The Committee of Three Thousand appointed by Tammany Hall and the entire Four Hundred, who were under the personal conduction of Mr. Ward McAllister, vied in extending to the Princess a greeting which should be representative of the great American people and the City of New York.

WHO SHE IS.

The Princess Hamfatina is the oldest daughter and the heiress apparent of Umjaxy II, King of the Jagwagis. The kingdom over which she will rule is located about three hundred miles southwest of the Congo river. She is eighteen years old, and is accompanied by her three husbands, her sister the Princess Matawaxi, and Umbjojo, her private secretary. From the excellent portrait we present it will be seen that she is of graceful presence and a pronounced brunette. The royal family of the Jagwagis is one of the oldest and possesses the blackest blood in all Africa. It can trace itself in a direct line to Ham, the earliest settler of the dark continent. We also give a reproduction of her coat of arms, which has been borne by the family ever since the flood.

THE RECEPTION.

The earliest intimation of the Princess's arrival was the booming of the royal salute from the decks of the entire oyster fleet, which had been gathered outside of Sandy Hook to meet her. As the royal canoe approached the Narrows it was boarded by Commander Bloomington Blaggart, who is to be the representative of the United States government "near to the person" of the Nation's guest. His duties will be



THE PRINCESS HAMFATINA.

to keep the Four Hundred from boring her to death, and to see that she doesn't eat anything which will disagree with her. After a brief interval the "Erin go Bragh," profusely decorated with Irish flags, hove in sight, and the Tammany Committee proceeded to cheer the Princess to the echo. She naively inquired of Commander Blaggart if there was any danger, and upon being assured that none of the committee would be permitted to approach within a quarter of a mile, she removed her left slipper and daintily waved it at them in salute, after the manner of the ladies of Jagwagi.

THE FOUR HUNDRED GO ON BOARD.

The Four Hundred arrived on board a special canal-boat, and having been towed alongside the royal craft and made fast, proceeded to rush into the royal presence. In the incidental mêlée the toilets of many ladies were torn completely to pieces, and Mrs. Hammersley-Snooper received a black eye. It was generally conceded that Mr. McAllister, having been the beloved and honored guest at many foreign courts, would know the proper way to greet the Princess, and his mode of procedure was watched with much anxiety. Advancing to within four yards of her dais he made a profound salaam and then turned three handsprings, which brought him immediately before her. He then ejaculated "Wow!" in a solemn tone, and grasping the Princess's ears firmly with both hands, rubbed noses with her. Everybody present gave a sigh of relief at the simplicity of the reception and approached the Princess in



THE PRINCESS'S COAT OF ARMS.

the same way. Some of the stouter members of the Four Hundred found it a little bit difficult, but on the whole the ceremony did infinite credit to the tact and *savoir faire* of New York's best people. The Princess, who is evidently bound to please, informed the Four Hundred that beer and Frankfurters were served in the cabin, and was delighted to see the rapidity with which the guests fled from her presence to enjoy the royal hospitality. Mr. Doodley Jenkynnes, who was escorting the Misses Vanderfeet, lost his monocle in the crush, and the Princess, with charming affability, presented him with a pair of spectacles which had been in her family through three generations, being the sole surviving remains of the Rev. Obadiah Stiggers, a Presbyterian missionary, who became intimately acquainted with her great-grandfather, Umjaxy I.

HER FUTURE MOVEMENTS.

Commodore Blaggart and Secretary Umbjojo have entire charge of Her Highness's future movements. She will accept no invitations unless passed by these gentlemen and countersigned by the Board of Health. She has already received four hundred invitations to dinner from the Four Hundred. The Mayor has extended an invitation to the Princess and her suite to meet the Sons of Hibernia at high tea, in the City Hall, but the date has not yet been fixed.

NOTES.

The Princess wears an 8 D shoe. Private Secretary Umbjojo is one of the most expert crap players in the Jagwagi county, and would like to meet some of the American champions.

Mrs. R. Dotherington Browne has placed her victoria at the Princess's disposal during her stay in New York. It is one of the handsomest hired equipages in town.

It should be distinctly understood that the Princess is the City's guest while she remains here, and that persons having an active pull with Tammany will have precedence at all entertainments in her honor.



THE PRINCESS'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.



A LOGICAL CHARGE.

He: I SEE THE MAN WHO SATURATED HIS WIFE'S MOTHER WITH KEROSENE, THEN SET HER AFIRE, AND CALLED IN THE NEIGHBORS TO LOOK ON, HAS BEEN CONVICTED OF MURDER.

She: THE PLEA OF INSANITY DIDN'T WORK THEN.

He: NO. THE JUDGE CHARGED THE JURY THAT NOBODY BUT A MAN OF SOUND MIND WOULD DO SUCH A THING.

A SWEET PHILOSOPHER.

MAY: Two men at a hotel in summer are much more entertaining than four men.

ETHEL: But suppose there are twenty girls.

MAY: That makes no difference. When there are four men they always play poker, while only two can't.

COMMENDABLE CAUTION.

DE SAPPY: Have a cigarette?

CAUSTIC: No; I don't smoke "fool-killers."

DE SAPPY: Neither would I, if I were you.



A FELLOW proposed to a millionaire's Miss,
Her Pa overheard him, he landed like ~~HIS~~.

A TRIFLE PUT OUT.

ESCAPED.

"DARLING," she said, as she nestled closer to him and looked up with a fond gaze into the eyes of her lover. "You know all the preparations for our wedding have been made. The cards are out, my trousseau is complete, but there is one little matter that has not yet been settled?"

"I presume you refer, dear," he replied, lovingly holding her hand in his, "to our wedding trip."

"You have guessed it, you dear, sweet boy," she cried joyfully, "and let's decide where we will go."

"Let me see," he said, taking out his note book. "There's Niagara, and Washington, and Old Point, and—"

"No, dear," she interrupted, "I don't want to go to any of those places."

"Perhaps you would like to go to some real quiet place," he continued, "where we could be all alone by ourselves, but my darling what is the matter with you? You are not ill are you?"

Her face had become ashen pale. Controlling herself by a supreme effort she said "Can you not guess it? Don't you see where I want to go," and she whispered something in his ear.

Two hours later the figure of a solitary man might have been seen scurrying along the wharves in the lower part of the city. He paused a moment to see that he was not observed, and then moving swiftly to the edge of the black water, without a moment's hesitation he plunged in exclaiming ere he did so, "No World's Fair For Me!"



THE WONDERFUL CHANGE IN MR. WINKLE'S APPEARANCE RESULTING FROM A SMALL SCARE.

T. M.

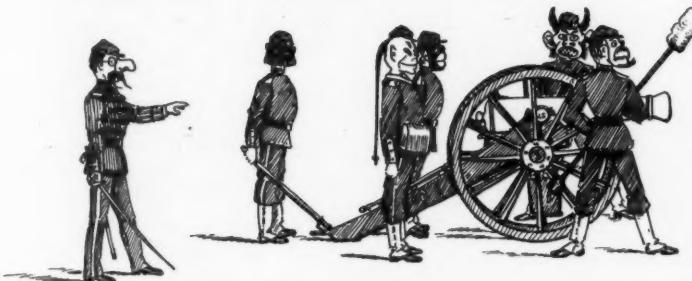


THE TWILIGHT OF THE POETS.

Editor: No, I don't want a machine to throw out Spring Poets. It's no trouble to me.

Canvasser: Ah, but my machine throws him down two flights of stairs, then hoists him up and throws him down again! (Sells one.)

OUR preaching friends of the Methodist faith used to delight in the process known as "harrowing up the mourners" on every funereal occasion. We supposed the process had been relegated to remote country districts where emotions are scarce and even the mourners, themselves, rather enjoyed the sensation. Right here in New York, however, and no longer ago than last week, one of these American howling dervishes found a golden opportunity and availed himself of it with the customary ghoulish glee. The occasion was the funeral of a man who fell dead in the Decoration Day parade. The results must have exceeded the ranter's fondest expectations. One of the male mourners had an attack of apoplexy in the church, and the corpse's wife and several other women fainted, but did this satisfy the harrower? Not much. His lung



A MASKED BATTERY.

power was yet unexhausted, and he kept up the sport until the entire congregation became hysterical and there came very near being a serious panic.

Our list of State's prison offences is already pretty long, but making a funeral address ought to be added to it until civilization gets a little stronger hold on the pulpit.

A POSSIBLE SOLUTION.

I ALWAYS wondered why the boy
Stood on the burning deck,
When every one had fled and left
The smoking, scorching wreck ;
And now I think I've found it out,
To my exceeding joy :
The lad I have a notion was
A District Messenger boy.



Near-Sighted Hunter, to Servant: QUICK, YOU BLACK RASCAL! QUICK WITH MY GUN! IN ALL MY FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE I NEVER BEFORE SAW AN ELEPHANT WITH A TRUNK LIKE THAT!



"I CONGRATULATE YOU, MRS. FAMILIAS, ON YOUR HUSBAND'S SAFE RETURN."

"THANK YOU, MR. CARDIAC; IT'S NO JOKE TO HAVE THE MAN OF ONE'S FAMILY ON A STEAMER A WEEK OVERDUE IN DECEMBER."

"I HAD MADE UP MY MIND THAT IF HE WENT DOWN I WOULD WRITE YOU A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE."

"THAT WAS KIND OF YOU. WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO TELL ME, MR. CARDIAC?"

"WELL, I WANTED TO EXPRESS MY APPRECIATION OF HIM, AND LOTS OF SYMPATHY AND ENCOURAGEMENT FOR YOU; AND I HAD ABOUT MADE UP MY MIND JUST TO SAY: 'THERE'S AS GOOD FISH IN THE SEA AS EVER WERE CAUGHT,' AND LET YOU TAKE IT EITHER WAY."

EXPLAINED.

"YOU don't mean to say that you like Chicago?"

"I do."

"Goodness gracious! Where do you live?"
"Chicago."

IN A STRANGE LAND.

FIRST OAT: I wonder where we are?

SECOND OAT: Don't you know? This is the inside of a Fifth Avenue stage horse.

FIRST OAT: Heavens, Oatsie, you don't say so! I thought it was the mammoth cave.

LIFE



THIS story is at present making the round of the German musical press: When the composer Schulze was captured by brigands in the Abruzzi, they demanded one of his own compositions from him, with the result that he sang an aria from his latest opera. But before it was ended, the entire band burst into tears, and their captain, offering his hand to Schulze, released him with the words: "So you, too, steal? I never exact anything from a colleague!"—*Argonaut*.

THE story is told of Robespierre that, at one time, when at the height of his power, a lady called upon him, beseeching him to spare her husband's life. He scornfully refused. As she turned away, she happened to tread upon the paw of his pet dog. He turned upon her: "Madam, have you no humanity?"—*Argonaut*.

"TALKING about bright landlords," said Creighton, "I never met one equal to the landlord of the P— House in Portland. There were five of us there who all wanted pie, and he only had one pie in the house. Yet he gave each a quarter."

"Impossible," interrupted Robinson. "None of your miracles here."

"It's true, though," said Creighton.

"Yes, but tell us how he did it," chimed in the logical man in the corner.

Creighton grinned. "He sent out for another pie."—*Boston Budget*.

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